MARVEL
PG 51 492
STRACZYNSKI
ROMITA JR
HANNA
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
HOT DOGS
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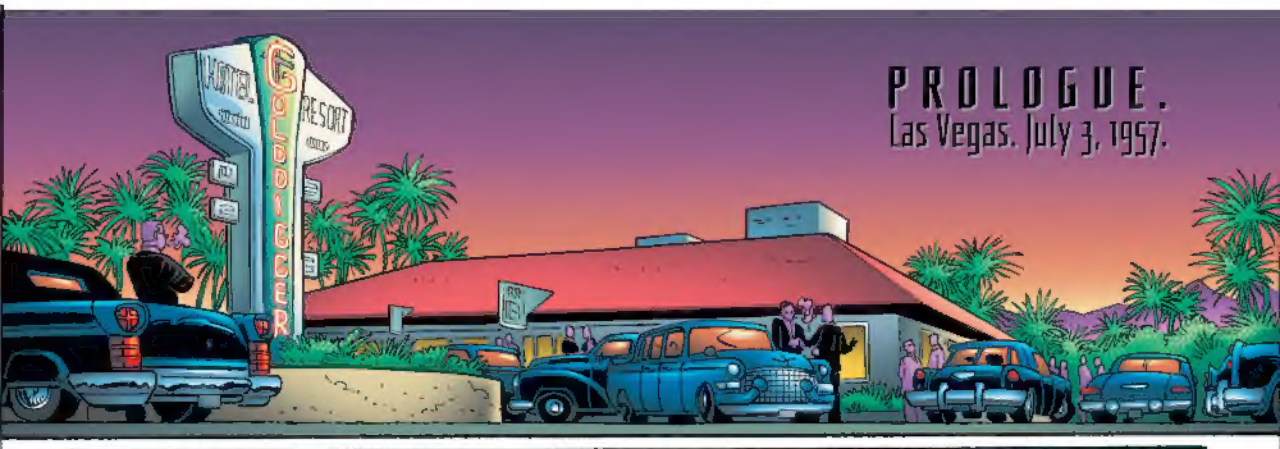
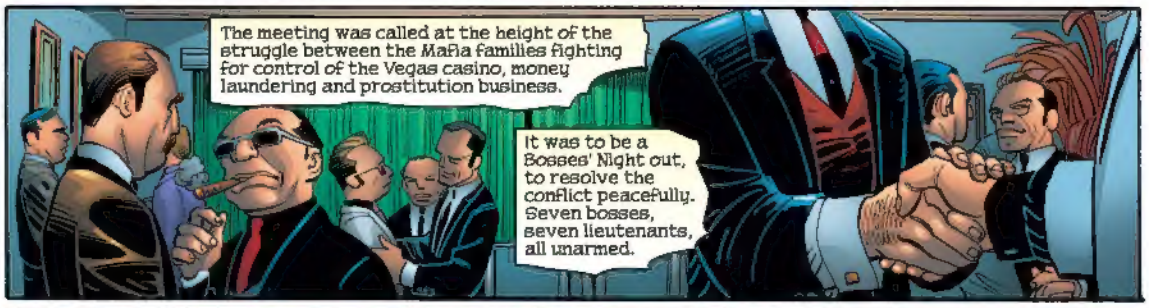
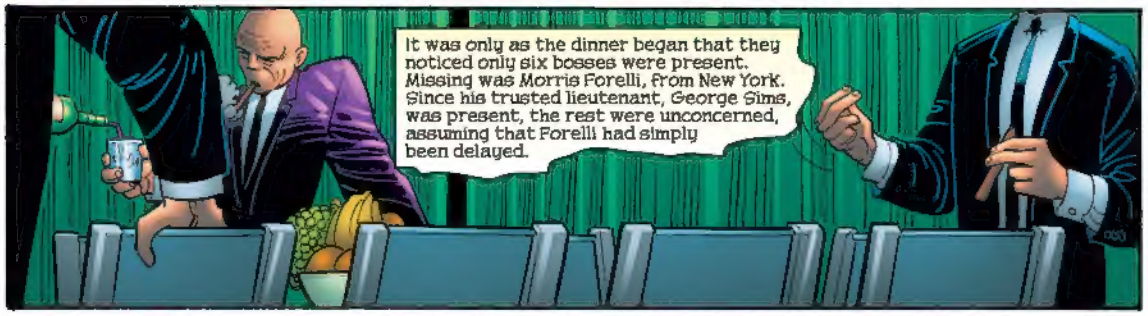
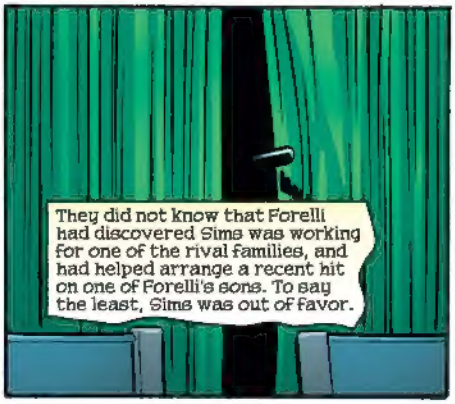

HOTEL
GOLDDIGGER
RESORT
PROLOGUE.
Las Vegas. July 3, 1957.

The story of the Vegas Thirteen is a piece of unsubstantiated lore dating back to the fifties. The story involved a meeting of some of the most powerful Wise Guys from New York and Nevada.


The meeting was called at the height of the struggle between the Mafia families fighting for control of the Vegas casino, money laundering and prostitution business.
It was to be a Bosses' Night out, to resolve the conflict peacefully. Seven bosses, seven lieutenants, all unarmed.


It was only as the dinner began that they noticed only six bosses were present. Missing was Morris Forelli, from New York. Since his trusted lieutenant, George Sims, was present, the rest were unconcerned, assuming that Forelli had simply been delayed.


They did not know that Forelli had discovered Sims was working for one of the rival families, and had helped arrange a recent hit on one of Forelli's sons. To say the least, Sims was out of favor.

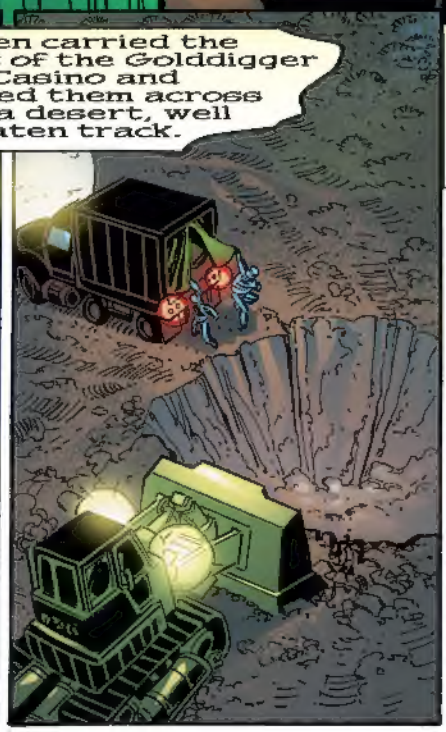
And Forelli was out of patience.

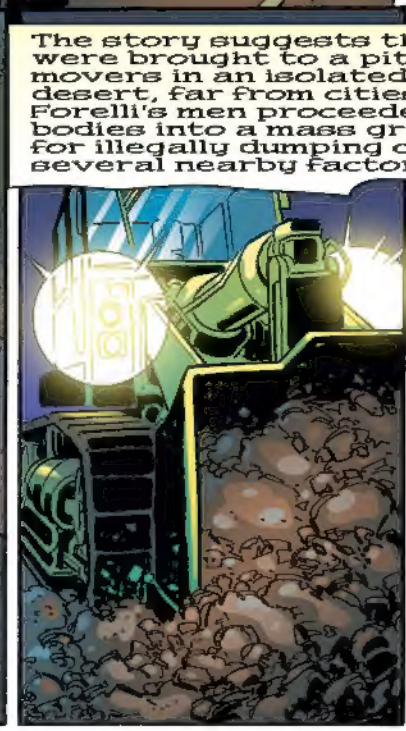
The result, according to Mob word of mouth, was the biggest hit of its kind since the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre. Six leading Mafia figures and their lieutenants, plus Forelli's consigliere, wiped out in one night, in one bold move.

But the Mob had learned a few lessons since the last time something like this was attempted. They wanted no evidence that could be printed in newspapers or magazines. No photos. No witnesses.

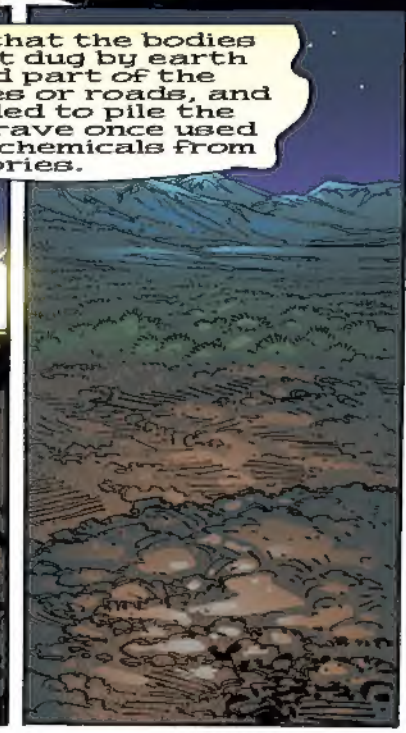
No bodies.

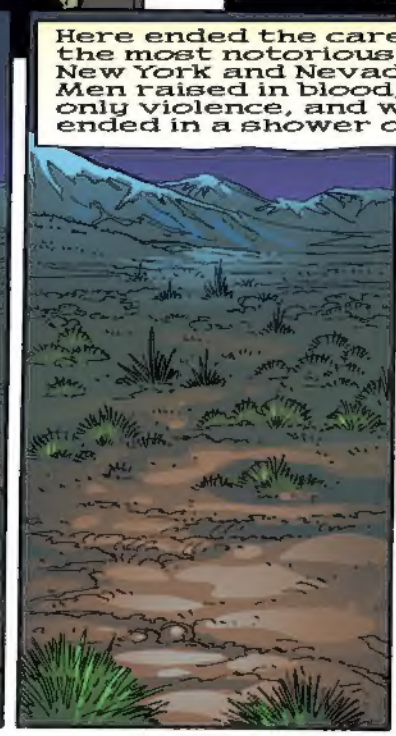
Forelli's men carried the bodies out of the Golddigger Hotel and Casino and transported them across the Nevada desert, well off the beaten track.



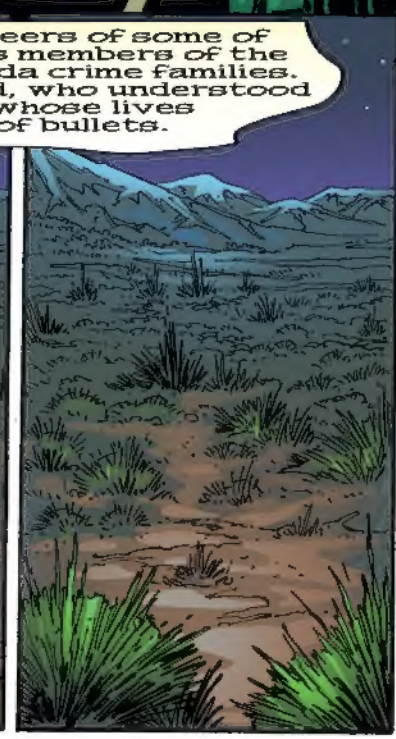


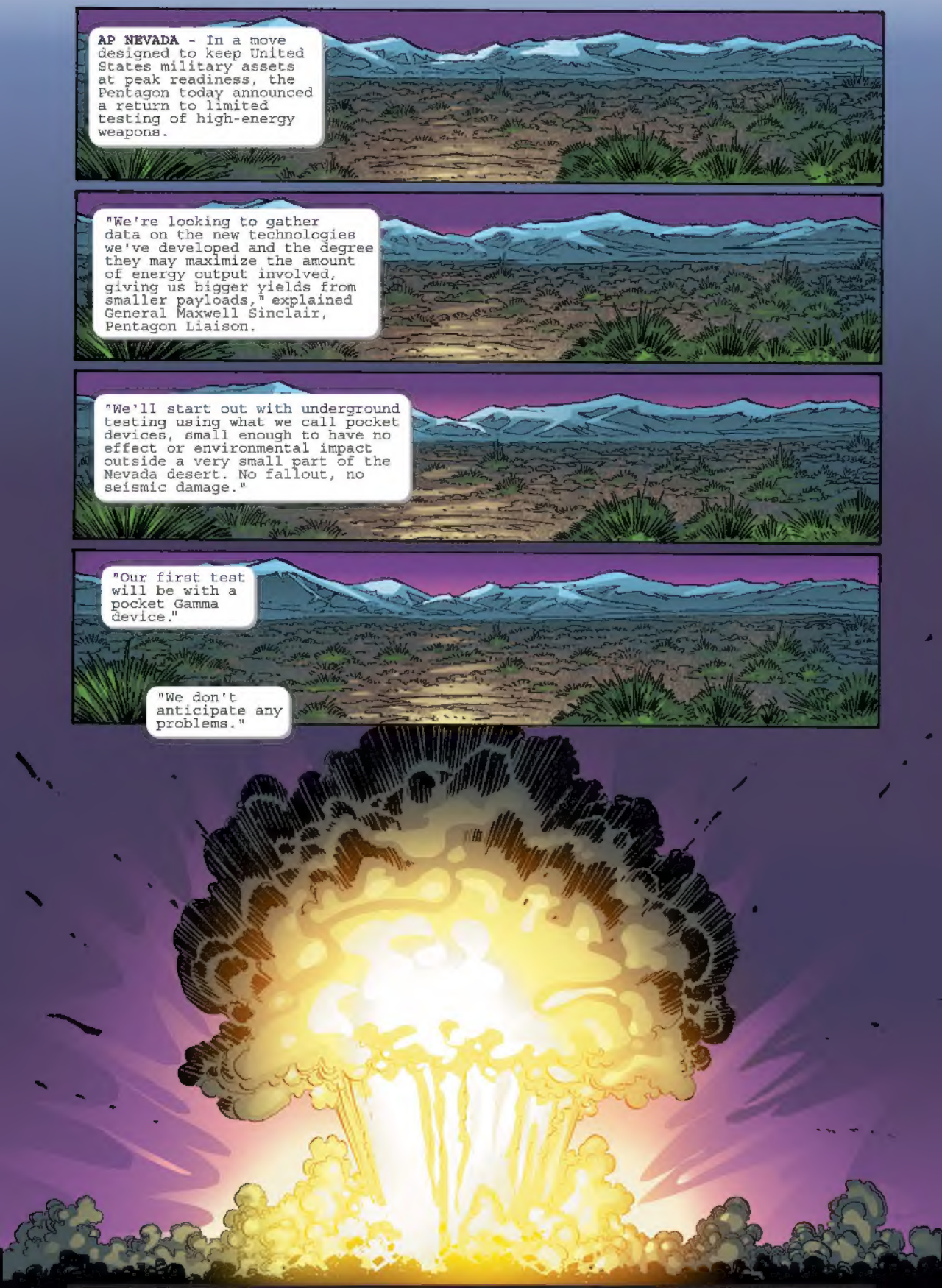
The story suggests that the bodies were brought to a pit dug by earth movers in an isolated part of the desert, far from cities or roads, and Forelli's men proceeded to pile the bodies into a mass grave once used for illegally dumping chemicals from several nearby factories.





Here ended the careers of some of the most notorious members of the New York and Nevada crime families. Men raised in blood, who understood only violence, and whose lives ended in a shower of bullets.





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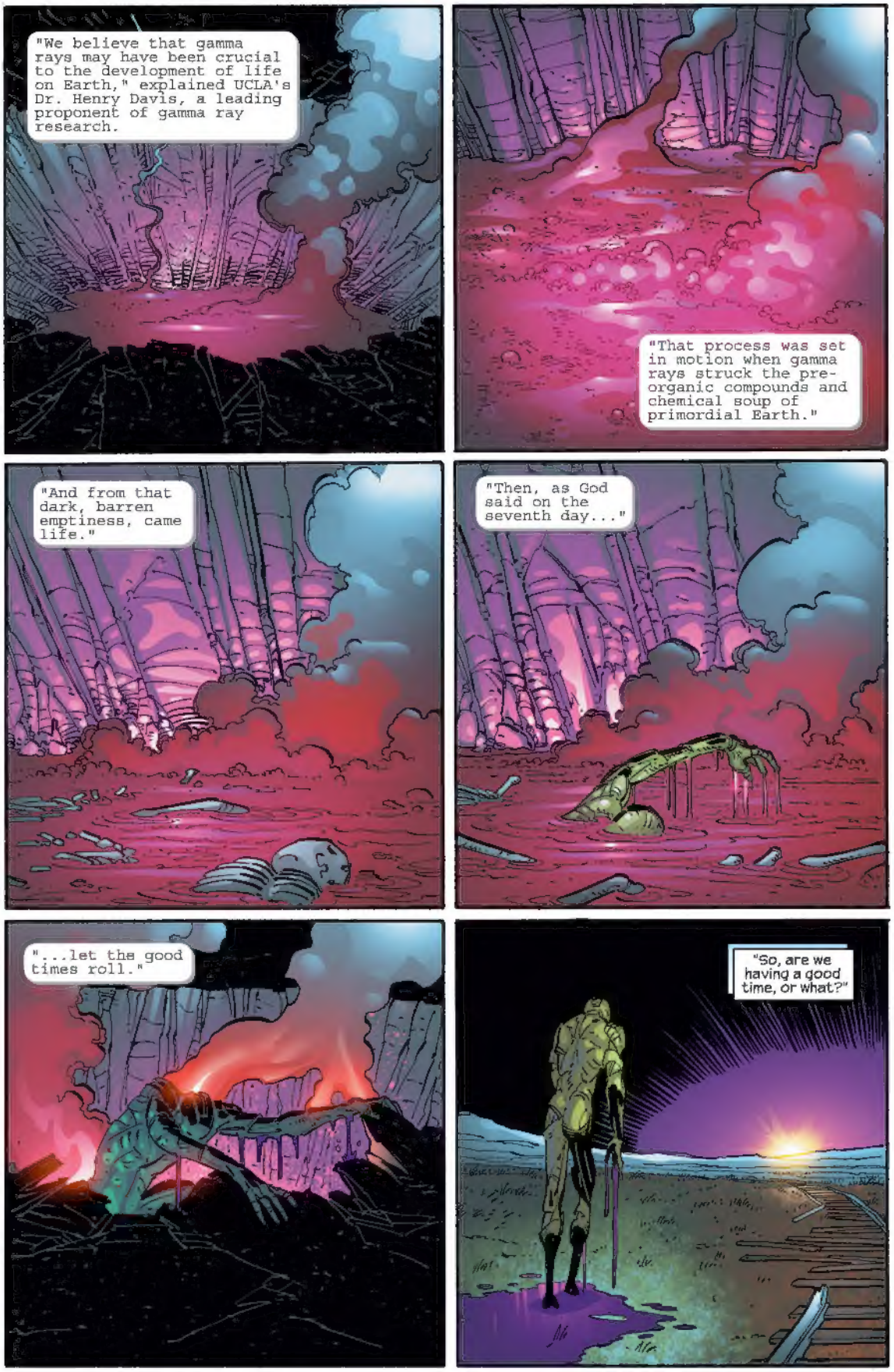
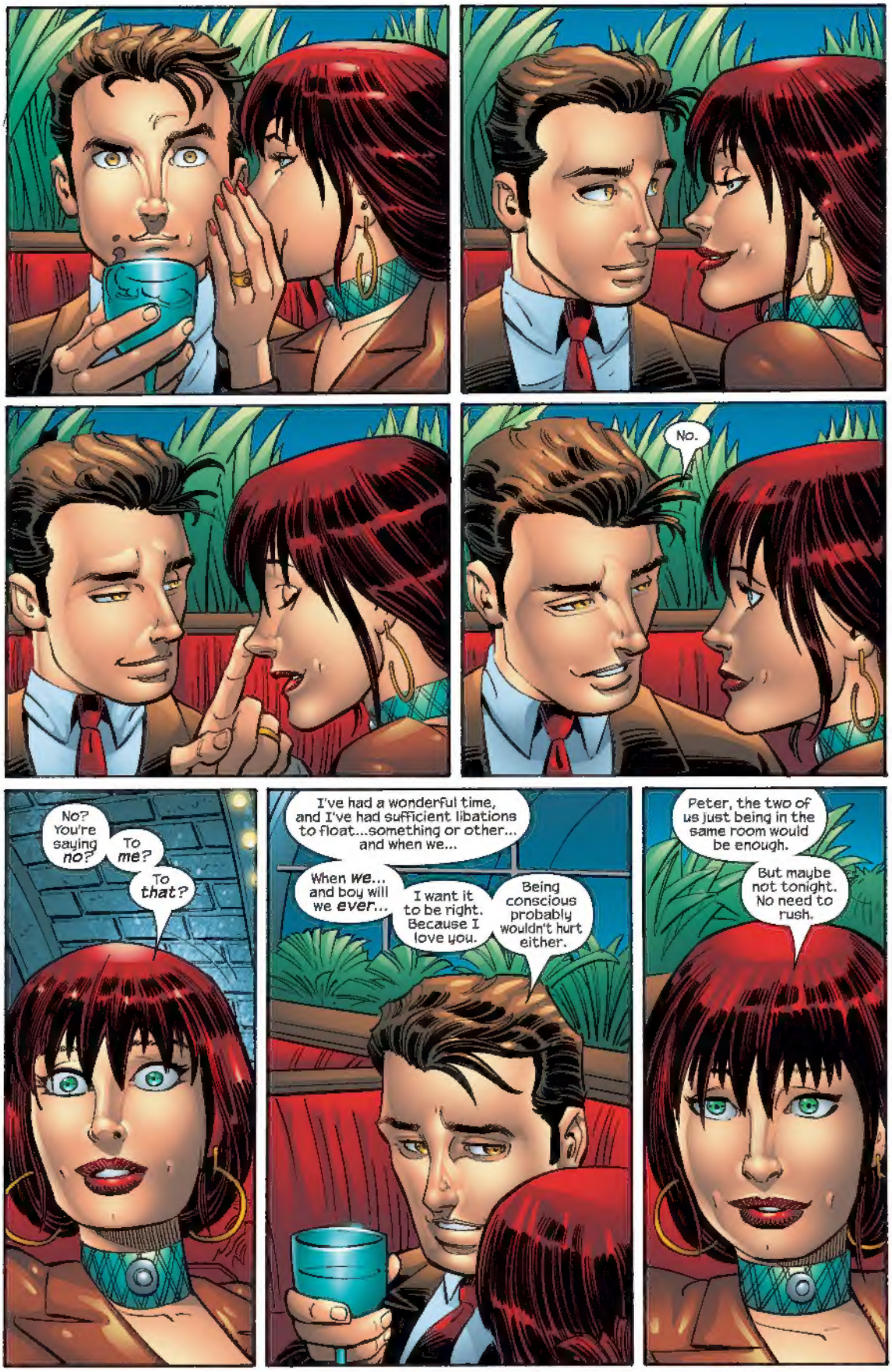

"We believe that gamma rays may have been crucial to the development of life on Earth," explained UCLA's Dr. Henry Davis, a leading proponent of gamma ray research.
"That process was set in motion when gamma rays struck the pre-organic compounds and chemical soup of primordial Earth."
"And from that dark, barren emptiness, came life."
"Then, as God said on the seventh day..."
"...let the good times roll."
"So, are we having a good time, or what?"

Yes. We're having fun. We're having so much fun, I...
What was the question?
Who cares?
Exactly!
The question is, what would sir like for his entree?
Steak tartare.
Well done.
snicker!
I believe sir may be mistaken. Steak tartare is prepared uncooked.
Obviously a problem in the kitchen.
Shhhh!
If sir would prefer, I could have someone run across the street and return with a Happy Meal.
I know! Bring me a hammer, twelve oysters and twelve teeny, tiny revolvers. That way at least it'll be a fair fight. Poor bastards...
SNORT!
In fact, make it a ball peen hammer. I'm feeling lucky.
Stopstopstop... stop or I'm gonna have to go to the bathroom...
Perhaps I should return later, when sir is on the same dimensional plane --
No...it's okay...make it a steak. Two New York steaks. Medium-well. We're celebrating.
My wife has come back to me.
She must have forgotten the keys to the car...
Peter...when we're done here, and we go to my hotel, since your place is a disaster, I have an idea.
Yeah? What.


No.
No? You're saying *no?*
To *me?*
To *that?*
I've had a wonderful time, and I've had sufficient libations to float...something or other... and when we...
When *we*... and boy will we *ever*...
I want it to be right. Because I love you.
Being conscious probably wouldn't hurt either.
Peter, the two of us just being in the same room would be enough.
But maybe not tonight. No need to rush.

"We'll get there, our own way, and at our own speed."
W 26ST YARD
Hey, you... somebody in there? You know better than that. Get out. C'mon. Get the hell outta there.
You heard me. Get out of --
What the...get... no! Somebody, help! HELP!
F.N.R. SECURITY
TURNER
NOOOOOOO!
"It was a long trip, but the best investment I've ever made."

I still can't believe MJ's back. Yeah, she's staying at the hotel for a while, and we've still got some things to talk through. This won't be worked out overnight..
But she's back in town, and we're together, and we'll get there, and --
I'M THE LUCKIEST GUY IN THE WORLD!
SHADDUP! I'M TRYIN' TA SLEEP IN HERE!
SHADDUP! SHADDUP! SHADDUP! SHADDUP! SHADDUPSHADDUPSHADDUP!
I'M THE LUCKIEST GUY IN THE WORLD! I'M THE LUCKIEST GUY IN THE WORLD! I'MTHELUCKIEST GUYINTHEWORLD!
"HEY, WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF ROMANCE?"
"I GOT YER ROMANCE RIGHT HERE, BUDDY!"
So, you want a date?
How much?
A hundred for everything.
Too high --
You wanna bargain, go try the garment district.
Look, I'm telling you, I don't have the money --
Ralph's

Then get the money.
I'm doing the best I can. I got the girls working all night --
It's all penny ante stuff, and I've seen your girls. What happened? Was it bargain night at the plastic surgeon's office?

I swear, I'll have the money I owe you by Friday --
Not good enough. We let you work this part of town for five G's a week. You don't pony up the dough, we'll find someone who will.

FWUMP!
After we break your legs.
I was just getting to that. Stop getting ahead. You're always getting ahead.
That you, Rachel? You shouldn't be here, Rachel?

I don't care if you keep the girls out there until dawn, either we get the five grand by tomorrow, or you got a problem with us, and most of all, you got a problem with Mister Forelli.
...Forelli...
Yeah, that's --

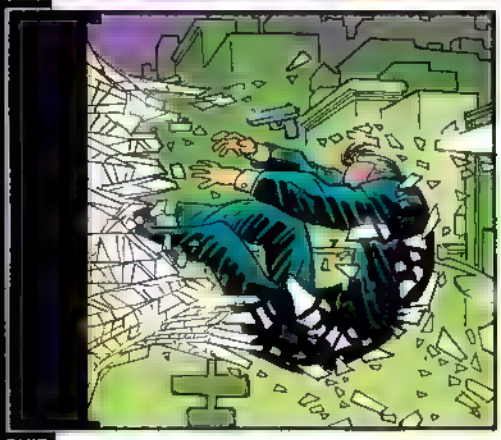
What the --
...Forelllllllll....
...We remember Forelllll....

...have a message...for Forelllll...

Hey .. wait ..get back
Tell him..

Tell him.. that the boys are back in town.

BLAMM!BLAMM!BLAMM!



Hunh!
Ohgod, ohgod, ohgod ..

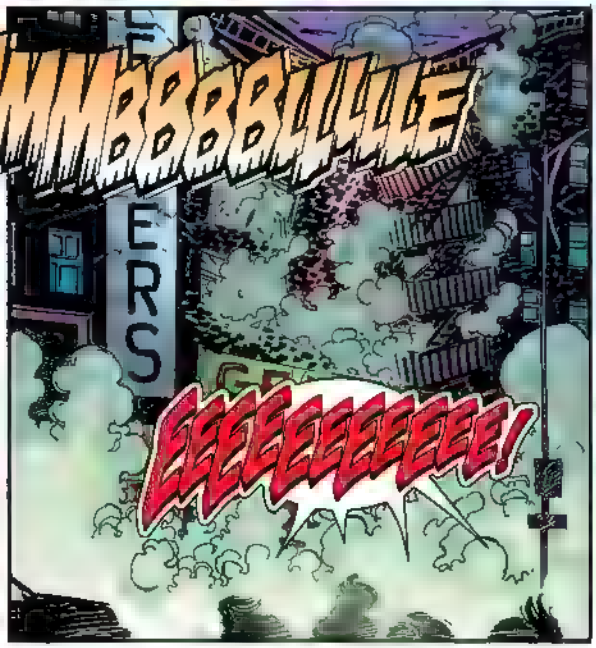
Get out.

Go, go, go --
What about
Forget him, he's dead.

Your friend will carry the message. But you are the message.
Tough break

WHAM! WHAM!
CRASH!!
Johnny..?

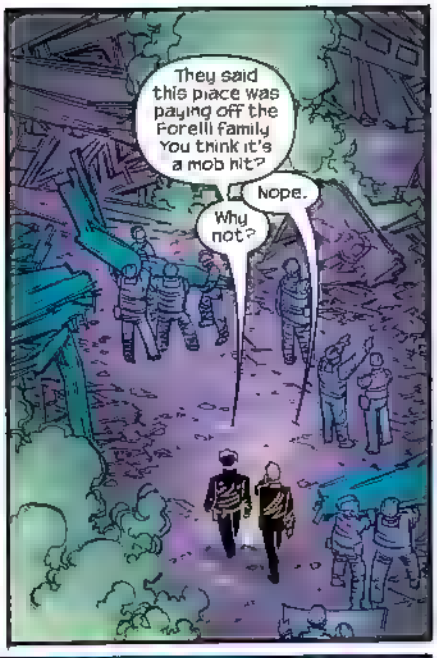
Holy


RUMMMMBBBBLLLLE
EEEEEEEEEEE!

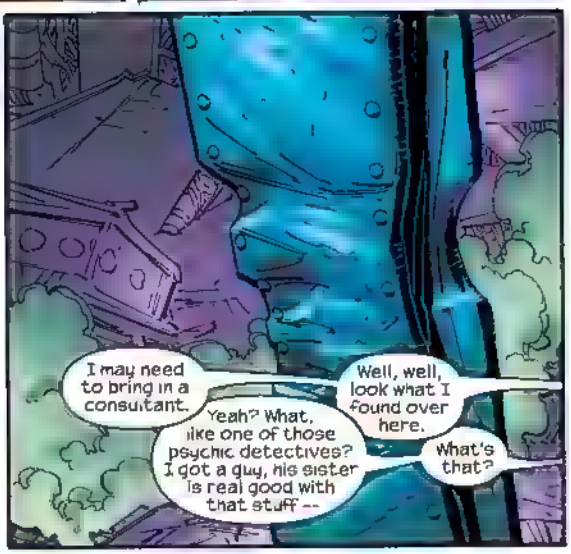
Message... delivered.
"What d you think, Lieutenant? This weird or what?"

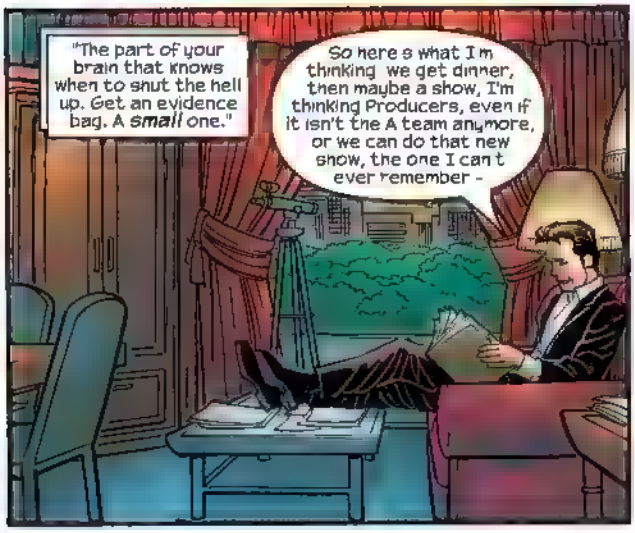
Yep.
You talk to the girls?
Yep.
They're pretty shaken up.
NYPD

Yep.

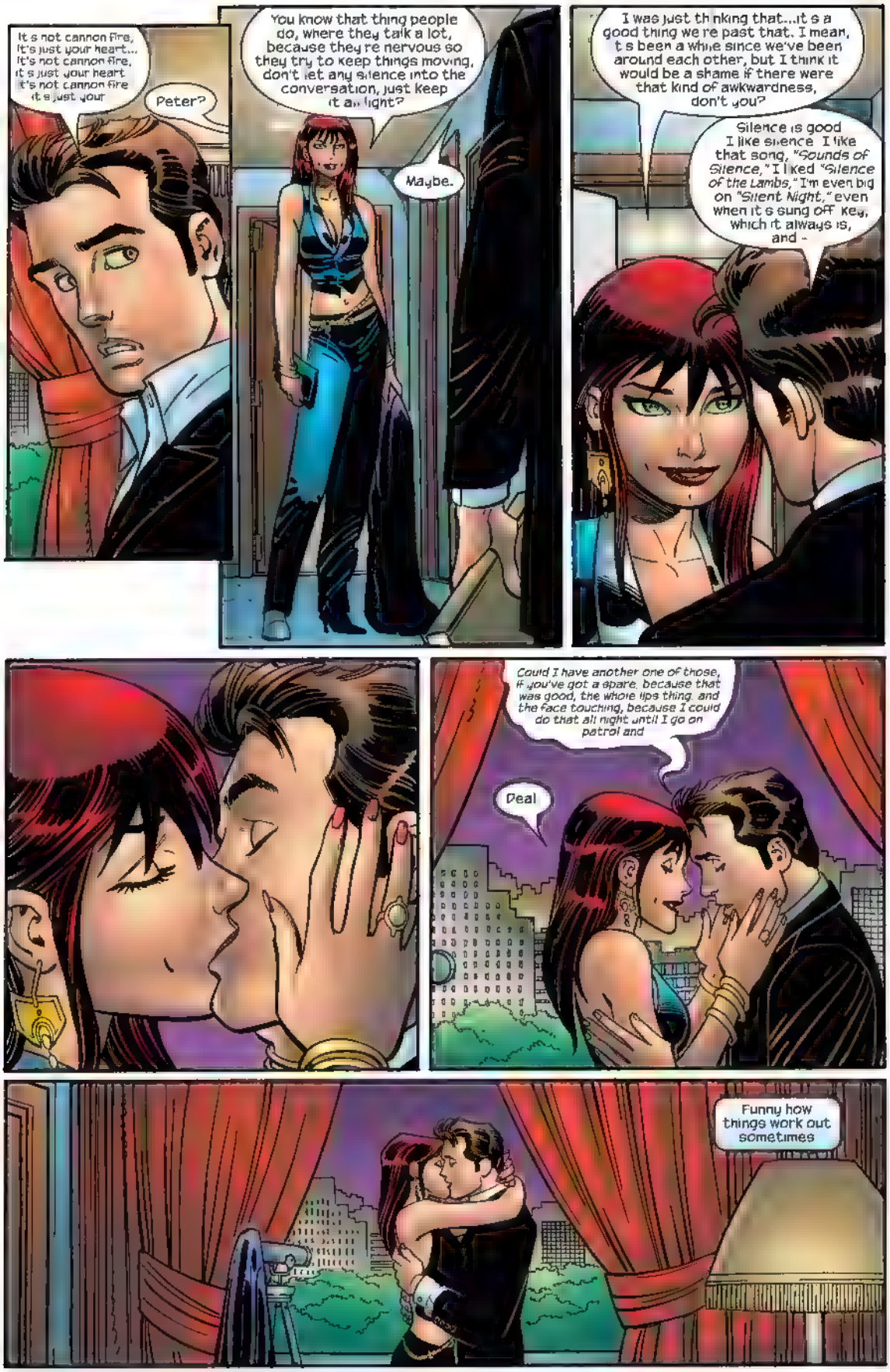

They said this place was paying off the Forelli family. You think it's a mob hit?
Nope.
Why not?

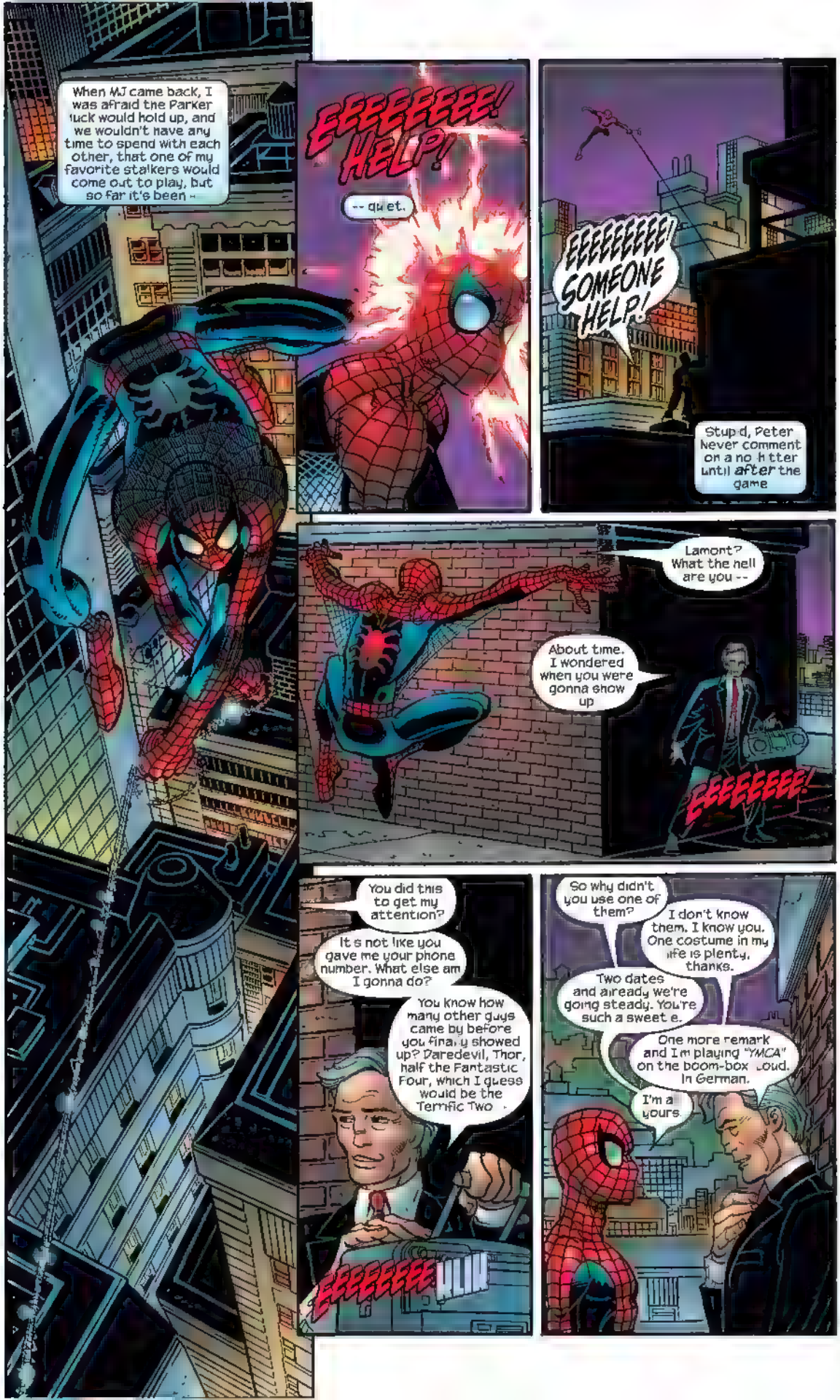
Oh. Just a guess.
So what're you gonna do now?
First, I'm gonna wash out my ears with hydrochloric acid. After that...

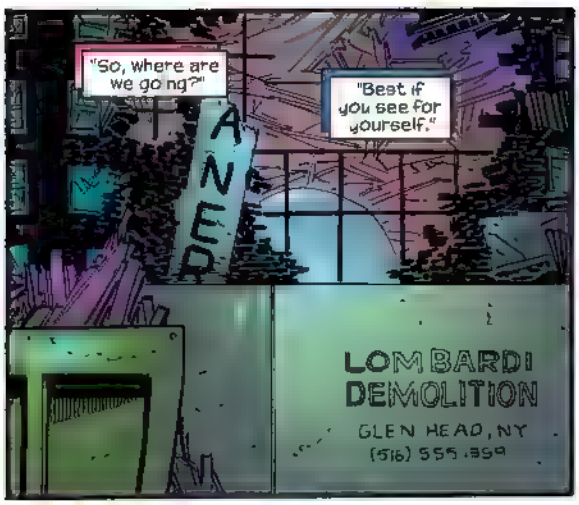

I may need to bring in a consultant.
Yeah? What, like one of those psychic detectives? I got a guy, his sister is real good with that stuff --
Well, well, look what I found over here.
What's that?


"The part of your brain that knows when to shut the hell up. Get an evidence bag. A *small* one."
So here's what I'm thinking: we get dinner, then maybe a show, I'm thinking Producers, even if it isn't the A-team anymore, or we can do that new show, the one I can't ever remember -

-- or we can
-- we can --

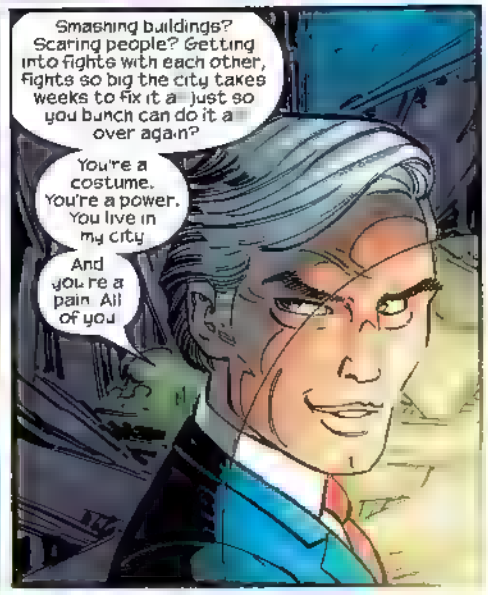

It's not cannon fire, it's just your heart... It's not cannon fire, it's just your heart It's not cannon fire it's just your
Peter?
You know that thing people do, where they talk a lot, because they're nervous so they try to keep things moving, don't let any silence into the conversation, just keep it all light?
Maybe.
I was just thinking that...it's a good thing we're past that. I mean, it's been a while since we've been around each other, but I think it would be a shame if there were that kind of awkwardness, don't you?
Silence is good I like silence I like that song, "Sounds of Silence," I liked "Silence of the Lambs," I'm even big on "Silent Night," even when it's sung off key, which it always is, and -
Could I have another one of those, if you've got a spare, because that was good, the whole lips thing, and the face touching, because I could do that all night until I go on patrol and
Deal
Funny how things work out sometimes

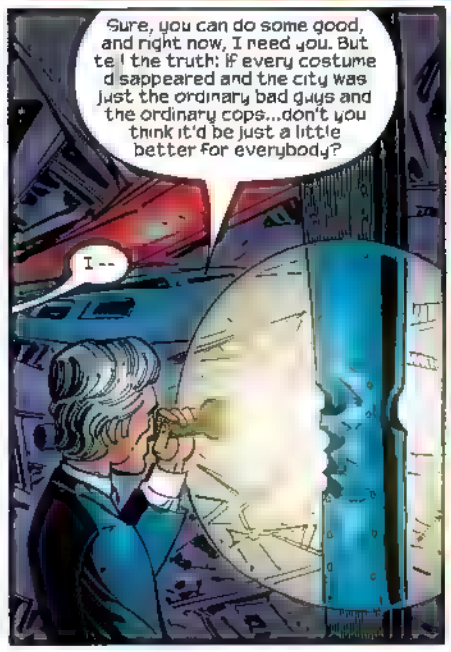

When MJ came back, I was afraid the Parker luck would hold up, and we wouldn't have any time to spend with each other, that one of my favorite stalkers would come out to play, but so far it's been --
EEEEEEEEE! HELP!
-- quiet.
EEEEEEEEE! SOMEONE HELP!
Stupid, Peter. Never comment on a no-hitter until *after* the game.
Lamont? What the hell are you --
About time. I wondered when you were gonna show up.
EEEEEEEEE!
You did this to get my attention?
It's not like you gave me your phone number. What else am I gonna do?
You know how many other guys came by before you finally showed up? Daredevil, Thor, half the Fantastic Four, which I guess would be the Terrific Two --
EEEEEEEEE KLIK
So why didn't you use one of them?
I don't know them. I know you. One costume in my life is plenty, thanks.
Two dates and already we're going steady. You're such a sweetie.
One more remark and I'm playing "YMCA" on the boom-box loud. In German.
I'm all yours.


"So, where are we going?"
"Best if you see for yourself."
LOMBARDI DEMOLITION
GLEN HEAD, NY
(516) 555-359

Must've been some party.
Yeah. The handprint over there pretty much confirms it was one of your kind

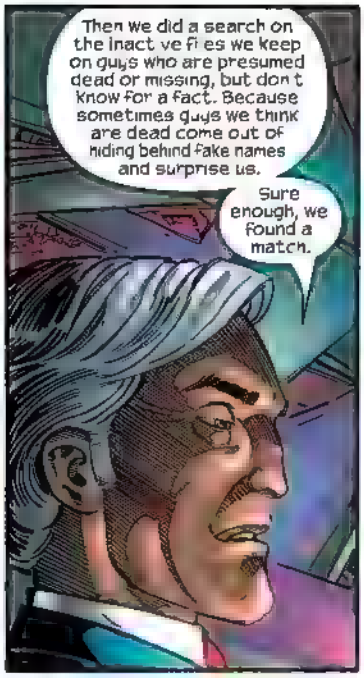
You mind explaining that "one of your kind" remark?
No, it's not. Look, there's good guys and bad guys. I'm one of the good guys, okay? I don't go around killing people, or --
What's wrong, mask cutting off the blood to your brain? It's pretty obvious.

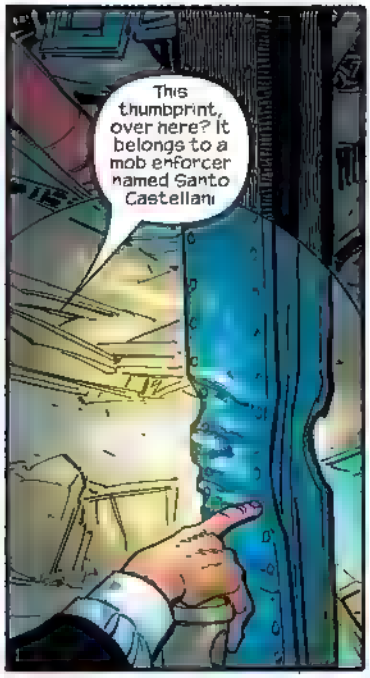

Smashing buildings? Scaring people? Getting into fights with each other, fights so big the city takes weeks to fix it a just so you bunch can do it a over again?
You're a costume. You're a power. You live in my city
And you're a pain. All of you


Sure, you can do some good, and right now, I need you. But tell the truth: if every costumed sappeared and the city was just the ordinary bad guys and the ordinary cops...don't you think it'd be just a little better for everybody?
I --

What did you want to show me?

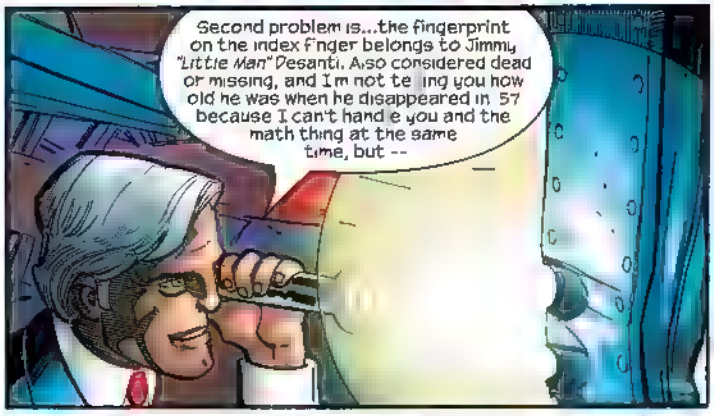
I had my people take the impressions off this and get them over to the lab for fingerprint analysis. We checked every active perp file and came up empty.

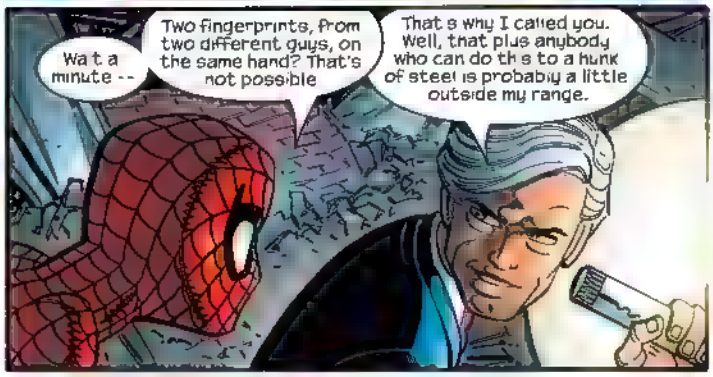

Then we did a search on the inact ve fi es we keep on guys who are presumed dead or missing, but don t know for a fact. Because sometimes guys we think are dead come out of hiding behind fake names and surprise us.
Sure enough, we found a match.

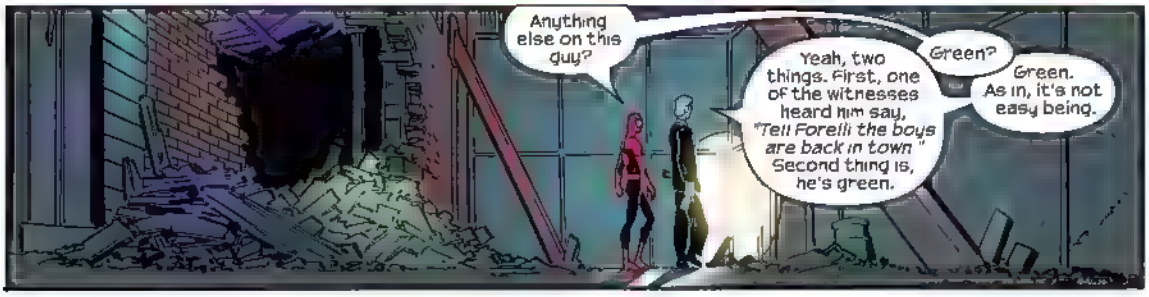

This thumbprint, over here? It belongs to a mob enforcer named Santo Castellani

So if you know who this guy is, why --
See, this is what happens when you don't let people finish what they're saying. You always ike this?
Go on, fine, whatever .

So yeah, we know who Santo Caste ani is. First problem is, he was last seen in 1957, and he was thirty two years o d at the time. That'd make him --
Seventy seven
You're doing it aga n.
Sorry. It's a math thing. I can't he p myself.


Second problem is...the fingerprint on the index finger belongs to Jimmy "Little Man" Desanti. Also considered dead or missing, and I'm not te ing you how old he was when he disappeared in 57 because I can't hand e you and the math thing at the same time, but --


Wa t a minute --
Two fingerprints, from two different guys, on the same hand? That's not possible
That s why I called you. Well, that plus anybody who can do th s to a hunk of steel is probably a little outside my range.


Anything else on this guy?
Yeah, two things. First, one of the witnesses heard him say, "Tell Forelli the boys are back in town." Second thing is, he's green.
Green?
Green. As in, it's not easy being.

"Well, one thing's for sure. ..a guy like that --"
STARLIGHT
"-- it's not like he can just throw on a coat and fit in, y'know?"
-- and I'm never never never gonna go back! Never look back! 'Cause the devil's comin' for me on a fast track.
Eyes like needles, hands like knives but he doesn't know I got nine lives.
What the hell kind of place is this, anyway?
Yo, son, chill --

This used to be a high-class joint. The Starlight. Steaks and martinis and broads with legs up to here --
Hey, back off --

-- or you and me gonna have a problem, you got that?
A problem? I don't think so.

I don't *have* a problem.

You're the one with the problem.

AAAAAAAAHHH!
Anybody else got a problem? Huh? Anybody? C'mon... somebody have a problem. No?
Now I want a martini. And I wanna hear Sinatra, and Sammy Davis, and Rosemary Clooney, and...what the hell was the name of that lazy bastard...yeah, I wanna hear Peter Lawford, and I'm gonna --
&@#% off!
-- and I'm gonna have some fun.

YAAAAARRGHHH!
Run!
Get outta here!
Eeeek!
Wait, you didn't give me your number!
YOU CALL THAT CRAP MUSIC?! I WANNA HEAR "WHEN THE MOON HITS YOUR EYE LIKE A BIG PIZZA PIE, THAT'S AMORE!"
Uh, oh... that can't be good.
Better check it out...
"CHECK THIS OUT!"

You wanna hear real music? How about some singing by this group called the Heavenly Choir --
I --
What the --?
I had a complaint about the noise.
Yeah? No kidding. I'll do something about that --
-- right after I rip off your legs and beat you to death with 'em.